

**TITLE:** SPORTS BAR

**NAME:** BIL SHERRIN

**DRAFT 2 / SEPTEMBER 10, 2013**

**SETTING:** A sports bar called "The Zone". There are dozens of TVs scattered throughout the place along with sports paraphernalia like pennants and signed helmets. The walls are a dark mahogany, and the place is packed since it's during a New England Patriots and Pittsburgh Steelers football game. All the waiters and waitresses are young and attractive and are wearing lots of the home team Patriots garb. The food is decent and the alcohol selection is massive. It's not a dive. Three women who have been friends for years are sitting at one of the tall tables in the bar area watching the game.

**CHARACTERS:**

**MICHELLE:** Never been married. A 40 something woman who still is "29" and loves to chase men and is very forthcoming with her sexuality.

**JANICE:** The biggest sports fan of the three. Loud. Obnoxious. Beer drinker. Good friend.

**BARB:** Turning 40 today. Divorced. Somewhat sad and despondent and has no interest in speaking in haiku.

**DEVIN:** Waiter at the restaurant. Big burley guy. Very good looking and a very competent employee. Flirtatious like Michelle.

**TV ANNOUNCER:** Hear him when we cut to commercial from game.

**BUSBOYS/OTHER WAIT STAFF:** end the scene with birthday song.

**\*NOTE:** When in the bar, everyone except Barb speaks in haiku.

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JANICE  
(shouting)  
Hey Ref! Get a life!  
There's no way that was holding!  
I need our waiter!

Janice waves her hand to get Devin's attention.

MICHELLE  
(turned on)  
His name is Devin.  
He has blue eyes and muscles.  
I want to ride him.

JANICE  
(teasing playfully)  
Such a slut! Gag me!  
You banged Dave and you banged Hank!  
At the same time! Gross!

Devin enters.

DEVIN  
Welcome to the Zone.  
Forty TVs. Lots of Brews.  
I'm your Dude Devin.

MICHELLE  
(flirtatiously)  
This is "birthday" Barb.  
Warning. She's a Steelers fan.  
Me? Big Devin fan!

DEVIN  
Good to meet you Barb.  
Our menu can be daunting.  
Let me share my faves.

JANICE  
(shouting)  
Oh... my... God! Brady!  
Threw it to Polamalu!  
Head and Shoulders Sucks!

BARB  
Could I just start off with an iced  
tea?

There is a long pause, Janice, Michelle, and Devin all look at each other in amazement. Finally Devin pulls over

another stool and sits very close to Barb.

DEVIN

(condescendingly)

For those who are new...  
Haiku only. It's easy.  
Five. Seven. Five. K?

BARB

Does that mean I can't have an iced  
tea?

Another pause but smaller with Michelle, Janice and Devin  
looking at each other.

JANICE

(to Devin)

We will talk to her.  
Barb's turning forty today.  
(to T.V.)  
Yes! Fumble! Woo-Hoo!

DEVIN

(flirty)

Fine. Iced tea it is.  
You know, I'm breaking the rules  
You owe me, Ladies.

MICHELLE

(enthusiastically)

I will pay gladly!  
Tear off my trousers, handsome!  
My lace thong awaits!

Devin leaves.

BARB

OK. He's gone. Now quit it. You don't  
have speak in haiku.

MICHELLE

(under her breath very serious)

Barb. Shh. Shh. Shh. Shh.  
I am going to ride him.  
No cock blocking, K?

BARB

(with contempt and disbelief)

Cock block? Are you serious? You're  
insane.

JANICE  
(sternly)  
Barb! Five Seven Five  
No more negotiating!  
Don't be a hater!

BARB  
Um. Whatev..

Michelle and Janice put both hands over their ears.

JANICE and MICHELLE  
(interrupting)  
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.  
JANICE and MICHELLE (Continued)  
We are not listening, Barb!  
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.

BARB  
That might have been five.

MICHELLE  
(interrupting / finishing haiku)  
Five. Seven. We don't trust you.  
Shut up or get punched.

Devin enters.

DEVIN  
Iced tea for \*the\* "friend"  
Of course, for the two of you:  
Scotch rocks and Coors Light.

MICHELLE  
(flirting again)  
When do you get off?  
I'd love to sit on your lap.

Michelle gets up, pretends to grab a pole and mimics a lap dance.

My mom taught me this!

DEVIN  
(flirting back)  
My shift ends at nine.  
615-4221  
Dress like a teacher.

Devin leaves.

JANICE  
(shouting)  
Go! Brady! Go! Go!  
Shit. Fuckin' Polamalu!  
Fourth and two. Field Goal.

MICHELLE  
(shouting)  
I will Devin! Yes!  
(not shouting, but turned on)  
My loins feel like hot frosting!  
I'm just so randy!

TV ANNOUNCER  
Pats 10. Steelers 3.  
The Steelers have the ball next.  
But first, commercials.

{ \*\*\* Commercials, all in haiku, could go here \*\*\* }

BARB  
He's gone. The game is on commercials.  
Enough with the haiku. Seriously.

Michelle and Janice put both hands over their ears.

JANICE and MICHELLE  
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.  
Do you hear Barb? We sure don't!  
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.

Barb takes one hand from both Janice and Michelle's ears so she can hold them and looks at them with concern and desperation still holding their hands and speaking her first haiku. Michelle and Janice roll eyes and listen intently, but with a dash of cynicism.

BARB  
No, it's my turn now.  
Some way to spend my birthday!  
Let me spill my guts.

Still speaking, now Barb moves into an iambic pentameter sonnet – kind of Shakespearean style – if read like it's supposed to be, it will sound a little bit like William Shatner as Captain Kirk.

BARB (Continuing)

You brought me here so I may celebrate.  
But to be clear I am a sad lost dog.  
I don't need your fake smiles nor grand debate.  
I am forty with a head full of fog.  
I want to flirt with Devin and to haiku.  
But I no longer desire spankings.  
I want a man who appreciates my stew.  
While the reality suits me, it stings.  
Ending our friendships, I do not condone.  
I would miss the games on Sunday Funday.  
The TVs, iced tea, there's fun at the Zone.  
But speaking in poetry is well, gay.  
Let's face it. I'm forty. Divorced. No rookie.  
Don't pretend that haiku leads to nookie.

JANICE  
(in disgust)  
A Sonnet? Really?  
Iambic pentameter!  
(shouting at TV)  
Roethlisberger sucks!

MICHELLE  
I know you're upset  
But "gay"? - not appropriate!  
Haiku or silence!

Devin enters followed by coworkers and places a birthday cake in front of Barb.

DEVIN  
A birthday greeting!  
Barb! Beautiful at forty!  
Thanks for everything!

BARB  
(starting to cry)  
Oh, you guys? Really?!  
Michelle and Janice you rock!  
Best Friends Forever!

Barb, Michelle and Janice fist bump.

DEVIN AND COWORKERS  
(singing)  
Barb has a birthday!  
Forty you say! We say yea!  
Birthdays at the Zone!

(singing)  
Barb is looking good!  
Who's gonna kiss Barb tonight?  
Birthdays at the Zone!

EVERYONE EXCEPT BARB  
(singing)  
Barb drinks an iced tea!  
But that's ok on her birthday!  
Birthdays at the Zone!

JANICE  
(shouting / interrupting / singing stops)  
Are you kidding me!?  
Catch it! Damn it, Gronkowski!  
Need more surgery?!